



CAPTAIN AMERICA

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

The CRIME DICTATOR



"DEATH" JOINS "CRIME" IN A CONSPIRACY TO REMOVE THE ONE OBSTACLE TO A FREE REIGN OF MURDER, PILLAGE AND TERROR----

AND THAT ONE OBSTACLE OF COURSE IS CAPTAIN AMERICA, SCOURGE OF CRIMINALS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

CAP AND BUCKY ENGAGE IN THE GREATEST CONFLICT OF THEIR HECTIC CAREERS WHEN THEY MEET IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH CRIMORTO-- THE "CRIME DICTATOR!"

AS OUR STRANGE TALE OPENS, A LONG LINE OF HULKING BRUTES EAGERLY WINDS ITS WAY TO SINISTER SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SLIMIEST BAND OF THUGS THAT EVER PREYED ON MANKIND---MURDERERS! CUT-THROATS! THIEVES! MADMEN!---SUMMONED FROM CRIMINAL LAIRS OF THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH!



THE
PASSWORD?

DEATH TO
CAPTAIN
AMERICA!

O.K.! IN
YOU GO!

SUDDENLY A WEIRD, BENT FIGURE
FLITS BY THE CRIMINALS WAIT-
ING IN LINE---

HEY! YOUSE'LL HAVE
TO WAIT YER TOIN LIKE
DE REST OF US!

GET ON THE
END OF THE
LINE, YOU!

LET'S GIVE
IT TO HIM!

AND WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING?

IN THERE,
YOU FOOLS!
STAND AWAY!

(GULP)
CRIMORTO!

YES! I
AM THE ONE
WHO CALLED
THIS MEET-
ING!

THEN, LIKE
SOME
HUGE
REPTILE,
THE
SMALL
BENT
FIGURE
SUDDENLY
UNCOILS
AND
STANDS
ERECT!



THE CRIMINAL CONVENTION LISTENS IN AWED SILENCE TO THE NOTORIOUS CRIMORTO---

I REPRESENT THE TWO GREATEST FORCES OF EVIL, CRIME AND VIOLENT DEATH, WHO HAVE COMBINED AND ENTRUSTED ME WITH THE TASK OF RIDDING OUR WORLD OF THE HATED CAPTAIN AMERICA!

YOU FOOLS HAVE BUNGLED INNUMERABLE CHANCES TO KILL THIS CHAMPION OF "RIGHT"! WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA OUT OF THE WAY, CRIME AND DEATH WILL RULE THE UNIVERSE! WE CAN MURDER, PILLAGE AT WILL ---

YEAH! DAT'S A SWELL IDEA! BUT WE ALL KNOW DAT DIS CAPTAIN AMERICA GUY IS NO PUSHOVER!

SURE! HOW YOU GONNA MANAGE IT? WE TRIED SINGLE-HANDED AND FLOPPED! EVEN TRIED GANGING UP ON HIM, BUT GOT OUR EARS PINNED BACK!

WHERE YOU FAILED, CRIMORTO SHALL SUCCEED! I AM DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! HE MUST CEASE TO EXIST, AND HE WILL! THAT IS WHY YOU WERE SUMMONED! NOW LISTEN TO THE PART YOU ARE TO PLAY-----

AND SHORTLY THERE-AFTER, HUMANITY IS SHOCKED BY A SWEEPING SERIES OF BRUTAL AND REVOLTING CRIMES CONCEIVED BY THE HORRIBLE CRIMORTO AND CARRIED OUT BY HIS CRIMINAL SATELLITES!

COLD-BLOODED MURDER! WANTON, BRUTAL SLAUGHTER! WHEREVER YOU ARE, CAPTAIN AMERICA, TAKE NOTE!



ARSON! INNOCENT PEOPLE TRAPPED IN RAGING INFERNOS!
HA-HA! TAKE HEED, CAPTAIN AMERICA! THIS IS ONLY
BEGINNING!



AND VIOLENT DEATH! HA-HA! THE TORTURED SCREAMS OF
MAINED HUMAN BEINGS! THE GROANS OF THE DEAD DYING!



AND WITH CRIMORTO'S BLOODY
HENCHMEN STRIKING SIMUL-
TANEOUSLY ALL OVER THE NA-
TION IN THE CUNNING PLOT TO
TRAP CAPTAIN AMERICA, WE
LOOK IN ON STEVE ROGERS
AND BUCKY READING THE
BLAZING HEADLINES AND HEAR-
ING THE EXCITING RADIO
REPORTS - - -

NEVER IN THE DARK ANNALS OF
CRIME HAS THERE BEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT-- (CLICK)

WELL, I THINK WE'VE HEARD
JUST ABOUT ENOUGH! AND
I THINK IT IS JUST ABOUT
TIME FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA
TO ACT!

WOW!



THIS IS NO ORDINARY CRIME WAVE,
LAD! SOME GREAT EVIL GENIUS IS,
IN BACK OF IT, YOU CAN BE SURE!

AND NOW TO BAIT THE
TRAP! AH--- I HAVE IT! A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN DISTRESS--!
A SCREAM OF TERROR!

HA-HA! THERE HE GOES
INTO MY TRAP! YES--!



AH-
EE-E-E!
HELP!
H-E-L-P!

SAY! HOW
DID WE EVER GET
WAY OUT HERE?

SOMEONE IS
IN TROUBLE IN
THAT HOUSE!

AND CAP AND BUCKY
BURST UPON A
SCENE OF MURDER,
ROBBERY AND VIOLENCE!

NO DON'T---
OH-H-H-H!

LOOKOUT!
IT'S
CAPTAIN
AMERICA!



SO YOU'D PUSH AN OLD
LADY AROUND, EH?

YOW!

NOT
SO
FAST,
MUG!

BAM!

OH! THEY
KILLED HIM!

O-O-O-F-F!

**OUCH!
UGH!**

HEY! HE'S
GETTING AWAY
WITH THE GIRL!

HE'S ONLY WOUNDED!
BETTER GET A DOCTOR!
AND TAKE THIS GUN AND
CALL THE POLICE! THOSE
TWO RATS'LL STAY PUT
UNTIL THE COPS ARRIVE!
I'M GOING WITH CAP!

A HORRIBLE, SINISTER FIGURE
WATCHES AS CAP AND BUCKY
TAKE UP THE CHASE ---

THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS AS FLEET AS
LIGHTNING! HE'LL EASILY OVERTAKE THAT
CLUMSY FOOL CARRYING THE GIRL!... SO I
MUST DO SOMETHING! AH!... I HAVE IT!
I WILL SHROUD THE CHASE IN A MIST AND
KEEP THE BAIT JUST BARELY VISIBLE ---



THEY'RE
DISAPPEARING!

WHAT THE---?? THAT MIST CERTAIN-
LY CAME UP OUT OF NO-
WHERE!



YOW!
NOW
WE'RE
IN IT!

SOMETHING AWFULLY QUEER
GOING ON HERE!... THERE'S
THE HEADS OF THE MUG AND
THE GIRL AGAIN--- COME ON!

OOPS! AND NOW THEY'RE
VANISHED AGAIN!

THERE THEY ARE!
OVER THAT WAY!



BUT EACH TIME, CAP RACES TOWARD HIS QUARRY ONLY TO HAVE THEM VANISH IN THE MYSTERIOUS SWIRLING MIST!

WELL, I GUESS THEY DISAPPEARED FOR KEEPS THIS TIME! NO SIGHT OF THEM FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES!

THE MIST SEEMS TO BE LIFTING! WHAT THE --- ???
LOOK, LAD, UP THERE!

SUDDENLY THE SWIRLING MISTS VANISH AND REVEAL THE RUINS OF A CRUMBLING CASTLE PERCHED HIGH ON A JAGGED ROCK MASS!

UGH, GIVES ME THE CREEPS --- THAT CASTLE SUDDENLY APPEARING OUT OF NOWHERE!

COME ON, LAD! I CAN SEE THE MUG NOW, CARRYING THE GIRL, RACING ACROSS THAT DRAWBRIDGE UP THERE!



BUT AFTER A TORTUOUS CLIMB UP THE TWISTING ROAD, CAP AND BUCKY MEET WITH ANOTHER SURPRISE!

BUT HOW WE GONNA GET IN WITH THE DRAWBRIDGE UP?

WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, LAD! IT'S COMING DOWN AGAIN!







CRIMORTO IS FORCED BACK AS CAP AND BUCKY BATTLE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE DOORWAY!

KEEP MOVING TOWARD THE OTHER ROOM, BUCKY!

RIGHTO! BACK YOU BIG LUG!

THE CLUMSY FOOLS ARE OBVIOUSLY NO MATCH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHAM!

POOF!



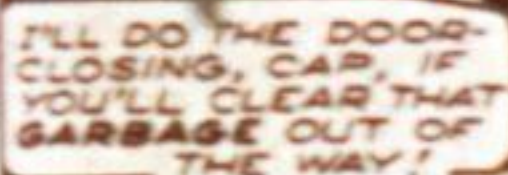
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, FRIEND, AS SOON AS I FINISH OFF YOUR KILLERS!

OH---OH! GUESS I'M TOO LATE TO GET HIM NOW--- AND HE'S TAKING THE GIRL WITH HIM!--- BUT THAT BAR GIVES ME AN IDEA!

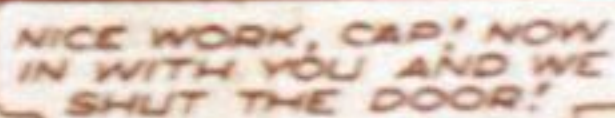
POCK!



O.K., CAP! LET 'ER RIP!



BE GLAD TO
OBLIGE, LAD!



OOPS! JUST MADE IT!
THOSE RATS'LL NEVER
CRASH THIS DOOR!---
IT'S THICK ENOUGH TO
STOP A BULL-DOZER!---
HEY, CAP! WAIT
FOR ME---



MEANWHILE, CRIMORTO HAS MADE HIS WAY TO THE ROOF OF THE CASTLE---

BY THE SEVEN WOUNDS OF DARKNESS! HERE HE COMES AFTER ME!

I WANT THE GIRL, FRIEND---

HA-HA! ALL RIGHT, FRIEND---YOU SHALL HAVE HER!

(GULD) HE'S GOING TO DROP HER!

BUT EVEN AS THE ARCHFIEND HURLES THE SCREAMING GIRL DOWN, CAP'S TRIGGER MIND AND STEEL MUSCLES CO-ORDINATE LIKE CLOCKWORK!

HERE! TAKE HER---

HA-HA!

GRAB MY LEGS, BUCKY! I'M GOING TO CATCH HER!

BUT SO GREAT IS THE FORCE OF THE HURLING BODY THAT CAP'S HOLD IS TORN LOOSE!



AND ONLY BUCKY'S IRON GRIP ON HIS KNEES PREVENTS CAP FROM FALLING WITH HIS BURDEN....!

UH! WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!... HOLD IT, CAP! I'LL PULL YOU IN!

I'M ALL RIGHT, LAD! I CAN MAKE IT NOW!

SO VERY, VERY CLEVER, ARE THEY NOT? WELL, WE SHALL SEE!

HEY! OOPS!

HURRY! BEFORE THE WHOLE THING COMES DOWN!

I WILL DESTROY THE CASTLE AND THEY WILL ALL DIE IN THE RUINS! YES! HA-HA-HA!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT PAST THE THUGS!

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?

THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR SOMEWHERE IN THIS WALL IF WE COULD ONLY FIND IT!

I SAW IT OPEN BEFORE YOU CAME! CRIMORTO ENTERED THRU IT!

YOW! HERE IT IS!

CAP? WHERE YOU GOING?

TO SEE CRIMORTO! YOU TWO GET OUT OF THE CASTLE! AND HURRY!

HIS CLOAK, CAPTAIN AMERICA! LOOKOUT FOR CRIMORTO'S CLOAK!

THANKS, I'LL DO THAT! NOW GET GOING, BUCKY!

(GROAN)
CAP?

AND THEN AT LAST, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND CRIMORTO MEET ON THE ROOF OF THE CRUMBLING CASTLE!

I'LL STALL LONG ENOUGH FOR BUCKY AND THE GIRL TO GET CLEAR!

WELL, HERE I COME, FRIEND, TO TAKE YOU APART!

HA-HA! YOU CAN BE VERY AMUSING, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AND AS CAP LUNGES FORWARD, CRIMORTO FLIPS THE BLACK CAPE-SHROUD!

OOPS! THAT ALMOST BLINDED ME!

YOU ARE HELPLESS AGAINST CRIMORTO—FRIEND!

HA-HA! SEE THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA RETREATING!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT YOU TO THINK!

CAP BACKS AWAY FROM THE ADVANCING CRIMORTO UNTIL HE IS PRESSED AGAINST THE PARAPET!

THERE GO BUCKY AND THE GIRL, SAFELY CLEAR OF THE CASTLE----

PREPARE TO DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!



--AND THAT MEANS I CAN CUT LOOSE!

NO!



NO! NOT MY CLOAK! I AM POWERLESS WITHOUT IT!

THEN THE GIRL WAS RIGHT!

WHAT THE---?? THE WHOLE CASTLE IS COLLAPSING!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO KILL HIM! YES----



BUT AS CAP PLUNGES TOWARD CRIMORTO, HE TOSSES THE CLOAK BEHIND HIM----WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS!



AND ON THE TOTTERING PINNACLE OF THE SINISTER CASTLE, A BATTLE TO THE DEATH RAGES!

HA-HA! THE WHOLE THING IS TOTTERING NOW! SOON IT WILL COLLAPSE AND YOU SHALL DIE IN THE RUINS!

MUST GET FREE OF—
UH-UH—HIS HOLD—

AND WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, CAP'S MIGHTY RIGHT ARM FLASHES IN A DEADLY SHORT ARC---



---THAT SPELLS THE DOOM
OF CRIMORTO!

OOPS! THERE
GOES MY PERCH!

ONE CHANCE AND I MUST
TAKE IT! HERE GOES---

A STUNNED PAIR OF YOUNG
STERS WATCH CAPTAIN
AMERICA'S BODY KNIFE THE
AIR IN A PERFECT DIVE, AS
THE LAST OF THE CASTLE
SETTLES INTO RUBBLE AND
RUIN!

OH! I CAN'T LOOK!

(GULP) GOOD GOSH!
IT MUST BE THREE
HUNDRED FEET IF IT'S
AN INCH! COME ON---





OH! HE JUST MISSED HITTING THOSE ROCKS!

(GROAN) I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM! GET READY TO GIVE ME A HAND!

IS HE---
IS HE DEAD?

NO! JUST STUN-
NED BY THE
TERRIFIC IMPACT!
HEY! HE'S OPEN-
ING HIS EYES!

HELLO
THERE!

CRIMORTO'S MUGS
NEVER HAD A
CHANCE TO GET OUT!

AND
CRIMORTO??

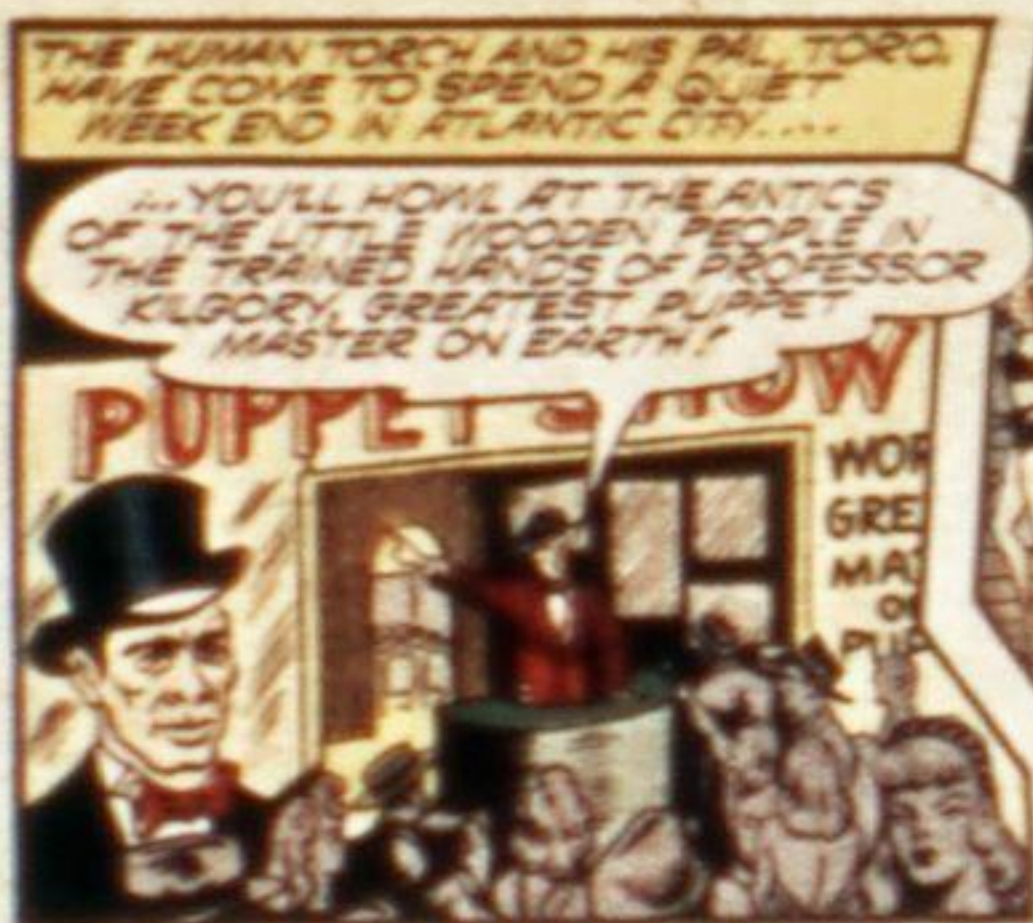
HIS SKELETON BODY LIES
SMASHED UP THERE! YET,
SOMEHOW, I CAN'T HELP
WONDERING IF HE
REALLY DIED....

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH



HORROR
IN ROOM 1705



MIDNIGHT COMES AND GOES...THE SIDE SHOWS ALONG THE MIDWAY CLOSE...THE NOISES OF THE SPRAWLING CITY ARE MUTED! A CLOCK STRIKES ONE...AND IN ROOM 1105 OF THE BITTLER HOTEL, A SHADOW FLITS ACROSS THE FLOOR.





WHILE ON THE ROOF!

COME ON, YOU TWO... YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTED!



NOW I CAN FINISH MAKING MY GET AWAY!

HEY!

PHOOF!



AND IN A MINUTE...

WHEW! HE KIND OF SLIPPED UP ON US, EH, TORO?

YEAH!... BIG GUY WASN'T HE?... HEY!!... WHAT'S THAT?!!... ANOTHER ONE!!

YOWEEEEE



WE'LL NOT TALK ABOUT IT!... LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE!

SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THERE!



RIGHT!! ANOTHER KILLING!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT KILLER AND FIRST!! AT THIS RATE THEY'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THIS HOTEL TO THE "BUCKET OF BLOOD!!"

CUT THE WISE CRACKS, TORO!! GOT TO CONCENTRATE!!... STRANGE, HIS MONEY IS INTACT!!... NO MOTIVE HERE SO FAR!!...

NO!! THEN WHY THE KILLING?

I THINK I KNOW!! THAT FELLOW ON THE ROOF WASN'T THE KILLER... HE WAS THE KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE!!... THE KILLER HAS A SMALL PEE SON!!... THESE FOOTPRINTS PROVE THAT!! WHAT HAPPENED AS I FIGURE IT IS...





...HE GAINED ACCESS TO MRS. VAN SPOON'S ROOM PROBABLY BY THE TRANSOM... WHEN HE BUSTED INTO THE SCENE HE SLIPPED OUT THE WINDOW AND RAN ALONG THIS LEDGE!

I GET IT! THEN WHILE HE TANGLED WITH HIS PAL HE SLIPPED INTO THIS ROOM!



YES, PLANNING TO ESCAPE BY THE DOOR! ...BUT HE AWAKE THIS POOR FELLOW AND HAD TO KILL HIM TO SHUT HIS MOUTH!

CLEVER DEDUCTION, MY DEAR TORCH... OH OH SOME ONE AT THE DOOR!

**KNOCK!!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



PARDON ME! I AM PROFESSOR KILGORY! I THOUGHT I HEARD MR. GARY CALL FOR HELP! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?!!

MR. GARY IS DEAD! MURDERED LIKE MRS. VAN SPOON!... THERE IS NOTHING WE OR ANY-ONE ELSE CAN DO, BUT LET THE POLICE TAKE OVER!

LATER AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER AND THE PAIR HAVE RETIRED TO THEIR ROOM....

COME, TORCH, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

...B..BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO!



THAT WAS FOR KILGORY'S BENEFIT... I WANTED TO KEEP HIM CRIMINAL... WE'RE GOING TO PAY HIS PUPPET BOOTH A VISIT...

YOU WOULDN'T BE BASING YOUR SUSPICIONS ON HIS GRUESOME SOUNDING NAME WOULD YOU, TORCH?!!

NOT ON HIS NAME, BUT ON HIS PUPPETS!... HMM... SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN USED... NOW LET'S SEE PERCY!

I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!



SOME TIME LATER IN THE PUPPET THEATRE... 5



BUT AT THIS INSTANT A CLOSET DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND DARTING FROM IT AN ELFIN FIGURE CHARGES SWIFTLY AND MENACINGLY FOR TORCH...



...AS THE URCHIN IS ABOUT TO BOUNCE ON HIM THE HUMAN TORCH RECEIVES A SPLIT SECOND'S WARNING...



...AND WITH THE AGILE SPEED OF A CAT BARELY DODGES THE BLOOD STARVED MIDGET'S STILLETTO!



...BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LAY LOW WHILE I TAKE CARE OF HIS BLEEDING!



THE KNIFE CAUGHT HIM IN THE JUGULAR VEIN!...I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THE ENDS PINCHED PERIODICALLY UNTIL A DOCTOR GETS HERE...TORCH! WAKE UP, BOY! CALL THE POLICE! AMBULANCE!



WHEN! YEAH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?.. BEING FRIENDLY WITH HIM?!



TRYING TO KEEP HIM FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH!.. COME ON, GET GOING ON THAT PHONE!

OKAY, BUT I DON'T GET IT?!! ...HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DIE IN THE CHAIR FOR THESE MURDERS ANYWAY!



THAT'LL BE BY THE DECISION OF JUSTICE!.. BIND THE MIDGE FOR THE POLICE, HE'LL BE COMING TO SOON!

DON'T HAVE TO BIND HIM!.. I'LL TIEP HIM UP IN A SHOE BOX!



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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE

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AWOL

THE door of the base hospital closed softly as Private Tim Callaway stepped out into the early September twilight. Lighting a cigarette, he strolled slowly toward the beach. A deep frown knitted his brow as he recalled the order he had just received from the doctor.

A short distance off shore, an L.S.T. Landing Ship was unloading troops. Tim watched them a couple of minutes—then a broad grin lighted his face.

"My old friend, Major Traymore!" he said with enthusiasm. "I know he'll help me."

"Good evening, Major Traymore," he said, snapping to attention.

"Hello there, son," greeted the Major. "Come on. Why aren't you over the ridge with your outfit?" he inquired.

Tim quickly explained that he had been wounded when they first invaded the island.

"I'm not too badly done up, sir," he went on. "I stopped a few bullets with my right leg, and my feet are blistered. The doctor just told me I'm to be evacuated tomorrow. But, Major Traymore, I'd like to have the opportunity to show that I didn't come all this way for nothing."

"What could you do, Tim?"

"Most anything, sir. I'm still a good shot and I'd like to stay here and help my buddies."

Major Traymore smiled. "I'll see what I can do for you, Tim. I promise you won't be evacuated for a few days, anyway. Now you had better turn in; it's getting late—I'll see you in the morning."

* * * * *

HOURS later, Tim awoke suddenly, nerves tense, eyes straining to penetrate the darkness. Above him, the deep roar of dive bombers filled the air as they swung low over their targets. The earth vibrated from the terrific force of exploding bombs. His thoughts turned to Captain Stanton and his buddies over the ridge. They probably needed every man they could get right now. He shot a quick glance down the long row of cots—everything was quiet. Getting quickly to his feet, he hurried into his uniform, buckled his cartridge belt around his waist, grabbed his rifle, and crawled under the back of the tent. He hesitated—then hurried toward the kennel.

"Here, King! C'mon, King!" he called in a low voice to a messenger collie.

The dog gave a welcoming whine as Tim turned him loose. They ran to a clump of palms, then turned inland toward the mountain.

Half an hour had gone by, when the rat-a-tat-tat of machine gun fire sounded not far away. Tim dropped to the ground with the butt of his rifle pressed hard against the pit of his shoulder. In the pale light of dawn, he could distinguish something struggling in the pass a short distance ahead. The minutes passed. King sniffed the air—then started to whine as he crawled toward the dark object. Tim inched forward on his belly.

"Well, I'll be!" he whispered. "They got poor old Queenie."

* * * * *

HE EXAMINED the dog and read the message she was carrying back to the beach-head. Captain Stanton was trapped and in urgent need of reinforcements. After a few minutes, he reached for his rifle and advanced with caution straight up the west side of the ridge. Near the summit, he stopped short—he could hear Japs talking in excited tones. He edged a little closer.

Well camouflaged high on the ridge, he spotted a large machine-gun nest just above the pass. Presently, he could distinguish five Japs with their guns pointing down the east slope of the ridge.

"The dirty rats!" he mumbled. "They stopped Queenie with her message for help—now they're waiting for daylight to mow down my buddies."

He did some fast thinking. One against five was taking a big chance. But he was a good shot, he reasoned, and hadn't he always liked to take a chance? Concealing himself behind a rock, he lined his rifle. Holding it steady, he quickly pressed the trigger four times, then a fifth.

"That was a surprise trip to their ancestors," he grunted, taking a deep breath. He lay hidden a few minutes longer, then advanced to the fallen figures.

The nest was concealed in the entrance to a large cave. He glanced around, then entered the dark interior. Suddenly, a shining blade passed within several inches of his body. A clipped second later, it struck against the rocky cave wall, sliding to the ground. Tim dodged behind a protruding rock and waited. Slowly the minutes passed. Presently, a figure started to creep along the ground. Tim knew it was a Jap and kept him covered until he reached the dim ray of light at the entrance—then pressed the trigger. A sharp yell pierced the air as he slumped to the ground.

Tim grumbled in disgust: "Might have known there was a sixth rat around after seeing three large machine guns."

STEPPING out of the cave, he noticed day was breaking fast. Reaching for a pair of binoculars, he adjusted them to his eyes. He spotted his own outfit at once. They were in a precarious position, about six hundred yards down the east side of the ridge, in a rough terrain. His attention was drawn to the high wooded area on the far side of his buddies. From out of this dense growth, the Japs were starting to attack in almost fanatical fury.

"Holy cats!" he shouted. Suddenly, it had dawned upon him that Captain Stanton would still believe himself trapped.

Partly sliding, partly jumping, he plunged down the steep grade.

"Captain Stanton! Captain Stanton!" he called, as he ran.

Bullets were missing him by inches, but with utter disregard for his own safety, he hurried on. Captain Stanton glanced over his shoulder.

"Yes, what is it, soldier?" Then he glanced again. "Callaway! What're you doing out here?"

"I'm here without permission, sir, but that isn't what I came to tell you. I just crossed the ridge."

CAPTAIN STANTON cut in sharply. "I haven't time to listen to you now, Callaway. One of my scouts just returned with the bad news that Queenie has been shot and my message for help gone. I thought she could slip by the Japs up on the ridge—but they got her. We've been trapped here since late yesterday."

Before Tim could reply, a division of Japs came over the ridge, making a strafing run on their position. Minutes later he called to the Captain:

"With your permission, sir, and a few men, we'll get up there on the ridge and help cover your retreat with the Japs' own machine guns."

The Captain glanced sharply at Tim. "What're you talking about, Callaway?"

"Oh, sir, I'm sorry. I started to tell you before. I took that message from Queenie and sent it back to the beachhead in King's collar tube. I also wiped out that machine gun nest at the Pass."

"You did, Callaway!" said the Captain in an excited tone. "Then you've saved the day, soldier! Pick your men and get up there quick—we'll show these little fellows we're not beaten yet!"

AS TIM reached the top of the ridge, he could see their reinforcements approaching.

He climbed up to the nest he had so recently taken, and from there he and his buddies cut loose with a barrage of machine gun fire. Under this protecting cover, Captain Stanton, and his men were retreating steadily up-grade. Suddenly, without warning, the Japs outflanked him, hurling themselves against his men in a wild, reckless exhibition of violence. Thirty seconds later, heavy reinforcements plunged over the ridge enabling Captain Stanton to stage a terrific counter-attack. Tim continued firing over their heads with deadly accuracy, until a Jap bullet punctured the water cooler on his machine gun and it became red-hot and jammed.

"Look, fellows," he shouted. "Our Hellcats . . ." A terrific explosion cut off the rest as Tim sank to the ground.

HOURS later, he opened his eyes. He was in a wire litter moving down the ridge.

He hurt all over—there was a roaring in his head, like the ceaseless din of guns. He was tired—so tired.

The following day he was conscious of someone feeling his pulse—then a familiar voice called his name. Time opened his eyes slowly. As his vision cleared, he saw Major Traymore standing beside him.

"How're you feeling, son?"

"I don't know, sir. All right, I guess. What happened, sir?"

"A hand grenade fell near you—lucky you weren't killed. As it is, you'll be out again in a few weeks."

"How did we make out, sir?"

"With a lot of credit to you, soldier, we are now in complete control of Koryu."

"I suppose I'm in for some reprimanding?" Tim asked weakly.

"Reprimanding?"

"Yes, sir. I was away from the hospital without leave."

Major Traymore looked directly at Tim.

"Private Callaway, your courage and determination to come to grips with the enemy is an inspiration to all of us . . . but Army discipline must be observed. However, you will be recommended for the Purple Heart."

Tim grinned. "I'm satisfied, sir. I feel I have avenged some of my buddies."

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA



The
MONSTER
of the
MORGUE!

HAVING
EXHAUSTED EVERY
POSSIBLE MEANS OF
CHECKING THE RELENT-
LESS FLOW OF MEN,
MACHINES AND MUNITIONS
OF WAR THAT HAS TURNED
THEIR RUTHLESS BLITZ IN-
TO A DESPERATE DEFENSE,
A SNARLING AXIS AT BAY--
ENLISTS THE AID OF THE
DEAD !!! ONLY THE
TIMELY INTERVENTION OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY COULD PREVENT
THE MORGUE MASTER
FROM TURNING THE
UNITED STATES INTO
A GIANT
GRAVEYARD.

IN THE BASEMENT OF A WATERFRONT DIVE,
A SINISTER MEETING TAKES PLACE!

ACH! HOW CAN WE BLOW UP
DER SUPPLY SHIPS AND
DOCKS VEN DER AMERICAN
SWINE GUARD DEM SO
VELL!

IF WE COULD ONLY
FIND SOME VAY TO
GET NEAR DER
SHIPS!



AND THEN A HUSH
FALLS ON THE ASSEMBLY
OF NAZI THUGS AS THE
DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE
STAIRS SUDDENLY OPENS!

I-I AM YOUR NEW
MASTER, PROFESSOR
TOOT!



MAYBE DER NEW LEADER
VILL HAFF A PLAN?

DEY SAY HE IS THE
CLEVEREST SABOTEUR
IN THE WHOLE REICH!



I HAFF HERE A
COMPLETE REPORT OF
YOUR MISERABLE ATTEMPTS AT
DOING DER NOBLE WORK OF OUR
GLORIOUS REICH! BAH! YOU ARE
COWARDS AND WEAKLINGS! YOU
ALLOW DER VERDAMMTE
AMERICAN DOGS TO TRICK
YOU INTO DIS FAILURE!



WE TRIED MANY TRICKS, HERR TOOT, TO GET NEAR DER OBJECTIVE MID DER EXPLOSIVES! BUT...

YAH! UNOT EACH TIME VE WERE CAUGHT! MANY UF US HATT BEEN KILLED IN DER ATTEMPTS!

ACH! YOU ARE STUPID, NO IMAGINATION! NO INITIATIVE! COME, PROFESSOR TOOT VILL SHOW YOU HOW TO STRIKE TERROR, HOW TO KILL AND DESTROY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WE FIND STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES DOING GUARD DUTY AT ONE OF THE HUGE PIERS LOADING WAR MATERIAL...

HERE COMES THE SERGEANT, WITH OUR RELIEF!

YAWN! GOSH, OF ALL PLACES TO BE, AND OF ALL THINGS, TO BE DOING GUARD DUTY. BAH, WHY DON'T THEY GET OLD WOMEN TO DO THIS!

WHAT, NO SQUAWK, BRAT? YA MUST BE SICK!

LET'S GO -- I'M STARVED!

YOU SAID IT, AND THAT UGLY PUSS OF YOURS, IS WHAT MAKES ME THAT WAY!

BUT AS THE TWO REACH THE FAR END OF THE PIER - A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SUDDENLY RENTS THE AIR!

BOOM!

STEVE AND BUCKY HASTILY SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND DASH TOWARD THE SCENE OF DISASTER!

"CRIPES!" THE SERGEANT AND THE GUYS WHO RELIEVED US WERE IN IT, (GROAN) AND THE SHIP'S CREW AND THE STEVEDORS!

IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF ANY OF THEM ARE ALIVE!



MURDER, THAT'S WHAT IT IS--- COLD-BLOODED MURDER, ALL THESE INNOCENT MEN!

(GULP) GEE! NOT A SIGN OF POOR SERGEANT DUFFY!



LATER THAT SAME DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOY'S COMMANDING OFFICER---

OUR INVESTIGATION PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT IT WAS NO ACCIDENT!

SABOTAGE OF COURSE-- BUT HOW WAS IT ACCOMPLISHED? WE HAD EVERY FOOT OF THE ENTIRE AREA GUARDED INCLUDING THE WATER! A TERMITE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THRU!



ROGERS REPORTING, SIR!

ROGERS! I HAVE AN UNPLEASANT TASK FOR YOU! TAKE SOMEONE WITH YOU AND HOP DOWN TO THE MORGUE AND SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY ANY OF THE BODIES OF OUR MEN!

YES SIR!



YEAH, SO IT WAS SABOTAGE? SO WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

WE'LL GET BACK TO THE DOCK AND TRY AND FIND SOME CLUE AFTER WE'RE FINISHED HERE!





A LITTLE WHILE LATER- STEVE AND BUCKY HEAR VOICES...

(SIGH) NONE OF OUR BOYS HERE, ALL CIVILIANS!

NO, I TELL YOU, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT!

HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE CARE-TAKER'S VOICES!

...AND DASH TOWARD THE SOUND- INTO THE OFFICE OF THE MORGUE...

VY, YOU SCUM, YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!

AGH-R- HE-LP!

HEY!

YOU COWARDLY WORM-- PICKING ON AN OLD MAN!

YOU STAY OUT, WHILE STEVE SILENCES YOUR PAL, OR ELSE!

STEVE PONDERES THE CARE-TAKERS EXPLANATION....

HE JUST WENT INTO BUSINESS AND ALREADY CLAIMS MORE BODIES THAN A DOZEN OTHER UNDERTAKERS. EVERY-ONE HE GOT SO FAR DIDN'T HAVE ANY RELATIVES, THAT IS EXCEPT THIS LAST ONE, WHICH WAS CLAIMED EARLIER BY A BROTHER, SO I WOULDN'T GIVE IT UP!

I THINK VE SHALL MEET AGAIN, SOLDIER!

AND SOON!

I HAVE A HUNCH AT THAT!

I SEE---



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH?

WE HAVE TO REPORT BACK TO THE COLONEL, THEN WE'RE GETTING BACK HERE AS FAST AS WE CAN!

AND BACK AT CAMP, AFTER REPORTING TO THE COLONEL--

HURRY, BUCKY!

OK., OK.! I NEVER DID SEE A GUY SO ANXIOUS TO GET TO A MORGUE!

BUT STEVE'S ANXIETY IS WELL FOUNDED, FOR AS DUSK FALLS, WE FIND PROFESSOR TOOT AND HIS THUGS IN AN ALLEY BORDERING THE MORGUE--

DRIVE DER TRUCK TO DER REAR LOADING PLATFORM! VE MUST HAFF BODIES IF VE ARE TO CARRY ON MIT OUR VORK!

ACH! DER DUMMER AMERIKANER VOULD NEFFER DREAM HOW VE DID DOT CHOB DIS MORNING!

TONIGHT VE VILL MAKE DAT EX-PLOSION LOOK LIKE CHILD'S PLAY! SH! DERE'S DER CARETAKER!

WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANY MORE BODIES--- HEY???

YOU HAFF OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS! SEIZE HIM!

NO! DON'T! AH-H-UGH!

HURRY! OPEN DER DOOR TO DER LOADING PLATFORM UND GET BUSY MIT DOSE BODIES!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE TREACHEROUS ATTACK, THE FIGURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE INTO THE MORGUE --



AND DISCOVER THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE OLD MAN?

(GROAN) NOW I KNOW WHY YOU WERE IN SUCH A HURRY! YOU MUSTA HAD A HUNCH THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

COME ON, LAD! THE MURDERERS ARE STILL HERE! I CAN HEAR THEM---



ALL RIDE! JUST DOSE ON THE FLOOR! VE VILL HAFF ENOUGH NOW!---
CAPTAIN AMERICA???

I THOUGHT SO! LET'S GO, LAD!

WAHOO!



CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SMASH INTO THE NAZI KILLERS WITH A VENGEANCE!

OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT THE HEAD MAN!

NO GUNS! DER SHOTS WOULD BE HEARD!





I'LL ZOON PUT AN END TO--- WOW!

YOU SAID NO FIREWORKS, RAT! AND THAT GOES!



THE NAZI LEADER FIRE A GAS PISTOL AS CAP IS ABOUT TO YANK HIM TO HIS FEET!

ON YOUR FEET, RAT! I'M NOT THRU WITH- WHAT THE?? (COUGH-COUGH)

STAY OUT, WORM! YOU NAZI'S LOOK BETTER AMONG THE DEAD, ANYWAY!

HA! DAT VILL FIX YOU!



AS BUCKY RACES TOWARD CAPTAIN AMERICA- HE TOO IS FELLED BY A SHOT FROM THE GAS PISTOL!

CAP! CAP! (ACH-RG-GR-- COUGH-COUGH) GAS!

(COUGH-SPLUTTER -- AH-H-H)



MOMENTS LATER, THE UN-CONSCIOUS BODIES OF CAP AND BUCKY ARE PLACED IN THE TRUCK-

NOW VE HAFF MORE DAN ENOUGH BODIES TO DO OUR VORK! HA-HA-! CLOSE DER TRUCK UND GET GOING!



HOURS LATER - CAP AND BUCKY REVIVE TO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE NAZIS!

HA-HA! DEAD MEN COMMITTING SABOTAGE!

UH-WHERE AM I--? OH, CAP! GEE! I REMEMBER NOW! HOW LONG YOU BEEN CONSCIOUS?

QUITE SOME TIME! DIDN'T WANT OUR FRIENDS TO KNOW IT!

I'VE OVER-HEARD ENOUGH OF THEIR TALK NOW TO KNOW THAT THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT EXPLOSION AT THE DOCKS THIS MORNING - AND THAT THEY PLAN SOME SORT OF COUP ON A GRAND SCALE TONIGHT!

THEY ARE GOING TO USE THE BODIES THEY STOLE FROM THE MORGUE - AND I THINK I KNOW HOW THEY ARE GOING - SH! SH! HERE COMES THE LEADER!

WHEW! DID YOU HEAR HOW THEY'RE GONNA WORK IT?

NOW DOT I HAAFF FINISHED VORKING ON DER DEAD MEN - I VILL START ON TWO LIVE BODIES! HA-HA! I ALWAYS VANTED TO FEEL LIVE FLESH QUIVER UNDER MY AUTOPSY KNIFE!

PROFESSOR TOOT! I'VE ONLY HAAFF TEN MINUTES BEFORE DER LAST FERRY LEAFS!

(GROAN) YOU SLIMY MURDERING RAT! IF ONLY WE WEREN'T TIED DOWN --

ZTUM TEUFEL! I DID NOT REALIZE IT VAS SO LATE! HURRY! GET DER TRUCK STARTED! UND DEN YOU STAY UND GUARD DER TWO AMERIKANERS!

TOO BAD DERE WASNT ENOUGH TIME TO USE YOUR TWO BODIES! I WILL BE BACK, HOWEPPER, AS SOON AS I HAFF BLOWN YOUR SHIPS AND DOCKS TO PIECES!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



THERE THEY GO! (GROAN) WHAT NOW, CAP?

WE MUST STOP THEM AND WE WILL! LISTEN CLOSELY, BUCKY, BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO BE OUT OF HERE IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!...



AND CAP OUTLINES HIS PLAN OF ESCAPE --

SURE, THE TABLES WE'RE ON HAVE ROLLERS - BUT WHAT ABOUT IT?

THE GUARD HAS HIS BACK TO US - SO WE'LL TRY AND MANEUVER YOUR TABLE SO THAT IT WILL BE IN FRONT OF MINE. I CAN REACH THE SIDE OF YOURS AND WILL GIVE YOU A PUSH!



AND AFTER CONSIDERABLE MANIPULATION, CAP SUCCEEDS IN ARRANGING THE TWO TABLES IN ACCORDANCE WITH HIS PLAN --

SH! HE MUSTN'T HEAR US!... THAT'S IT, NOW GET SET, AND DON'T MISS!



ALL RIGHT NOW, LAD! WE HAVE JUST EIGHT MINUTES BEFORE THAT FERRY LEAVES!

O.K., CAP! JUST SEND ME FLYING AND I'LL DO THE REST!



AND THEN - BRACED AGAINST THE HEAD OF BUCKY'S TABLE, CAP'S FEET SUDDENLY SNAP STRAIGHT OUT WITH A PISTON-LIKE DRIVE, AND BUCKY'S TABLE SHOOT'S STRAIGHT FOR THE NAZI GUARD--

VASS GIBT
ESS HERE?-
YOW-UGH!

WOW! RIGHT
IN THE
MUSH!

BULLS-
EYE!



ONCE THE GUARD IS OUT OF THE WAY, IT IS BUT A MOMENT UNTIL BUCKY PUSHES THE TABLE HOLDING THE TRAY OF INSTRUMENTS TO WITHIN CAP'S REACH---

HOW DO WE KNOW
WHICH FERRY THEY
TOOK?

THERE IS
ONLY ONE FERRY WITHIN
TEN MINUTES OF
THEIR HIDEOUT!

THAT GUARD'LL BE OUT FOR A
LONG, LONG TIME!...HERE YOU ARE!

AH! THIS SCALPEL WILL DO!
WE'LL BE FREE IN NO TIME
NOW!



MINUTES LATER, CAP
AND BUCKY ARRIVE AT
THE FERRY SLIP---

(GROAN)
TOO LATE! JUST
MISSED THE FERRY!

AND
THERE'S
THE NAZI
TRUCK ON
THE END!

DESPERATELY SEARCHING
FOR SOME CRAFT TO
FOLLOW THE NAZIS, CAPTAIN
AMERICA COMES UPON A
MOTOR LAUNCH--

(GROAN) THE
MOTOR IS
LOCKED!

OH-OH! HERE
COMES THE
WHOLE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!

HEY! GET AWAY
FROM THAT BOAT!



AND THEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIREBOAT RECOGNIZES CAP—

AFTER HEARING CAP'S HURRIED EXPLANATION, THE FIREBOAT CAPTAIN HITS UPON AN IDEA!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

WELL, I'LL BE --- IT'S

WHY NOT USE THE FIREBOAT? IT IS MUCH FASTER THAN THE MOTOR LAUNCH!

FINE!..LET'S GO!

YIPPEE! WHAT A DIP OF AN IDEA!

MOMENTS LATER, THE POWERFUL FIREBOAT IS OUT IN THE BAY AND RAPIDLY BEARING DOWN ON THE FERRY!

I'LL SIGNAL THE FERRY TO HEAVE TO!

WOW! THIS THING CAN REALLY TRAVEL!

I CAN SEE THE NAZI LEADER STANDING NEAR THE TRUCK! GREAT GUNS?--

HIMMEL! IT ISS A SEARCH-LIGHT! VE ARE BEING CHASED! QUICK! GET DER BODIES INTO DER WATER! YOU TWO COME MIT ME, PERHAPS VE CAN STILL ESCAPE!

THE FIREBOAT IS A BEDLAM OF ACTIVITY AS CAP BAWLS ORDERS THAT ARE INSTANTLY OBEYED BY A WILLING CREW!

THEY THREW ONE BODY OVER! TURN THE WATER ON THAT TRUCK IN THE BACK, BEFORE THEY CAN HEAVE THE REST OF THE BODIES OVERBOARD! BUCKY, GET A GUN AND FOLLOW ME---

RIGHT!



AND WHILE THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER SWEEPS THE NAZIS OFF THEIR FEET, PREVENTING THEM FROM HEAVING THE REST OF THE CORPSES OVERBOARD----

YOUCH! RUN--
(GLUB-GLUB)
HIMMEL!

ACH! (SPLUTTER
SPLUTTER) VE VILL
BE DROWN'T!



KEEN EYES SEARCH THE DARK WATERS OF THE BAY FOR THE ONE FLOATING CORPSE THAT THE NAZIS SUCCEEDED IN FLINGING OVERBOARD--

LUCKY'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK AND THE FLOATING CORPSE EXPLODES WITH AN EARSHATTERING ROAR!

THERE IT IS! SHOOT, LAD.
BEFORE
IT SINKS!

HERE
GOES!

HEY--WHAT THE--??
MY SHOT COULDN'T
OF DONE
ALL THAT!

THAT CORPSE
AND ALL THE
OTHERS ARE

LOADED WITH A HIGH
EXPLOSIVE! THE NAZIS
ARE USING THEM AS FLOAT-
ING MINES TO SABOTAGE
THE WHOLE WATERFRONT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE WHEEL HOUSE ABOARD THE FERRY--

I'LL TAKE DER VHEEL! YOU
UND DER OTHERS TAKE OVER
DER ENGINE ROOM, UND GIFF
ME ALL DER STEAM YOU CAN!
VE MUST GET OUT UF RANGE
UF DAT FIREBOAT'S WATER-
TOWER, UND GET DER REST
UF DER BODIES OFERBOARD!

WE'RE GETTING
CLOSER! COME ON, BUCKY,
WE'LL SOON BE ABLE TO
BOARD THE FERRY!



BUT THE FERRY SUDDENLY PUTS ON A BURST OF SPEED!

HEY! (GROAN)
SHE'S PULLING
AWAY FROM
US!

THE NAZIS MUST
HAVE TAKEN
POSSESSION OF
THE FERRY!... YOU
STAY HERE AND KEEP THAT
STREAM GUSHING! I'M
GOING TO INVADE THAT
HUN STRONGHOLD!

HA-HA! WE ARE LEAVING
DEM BEHIND! COME ON,
WE'LL GO DOWN UNO
THROW DOSE BODIES
OVERBOARD! VUNCE DEY
RE IN DER VATER, DER
WHOLE VATERFRONT
VILL BE BLOWN TO
BITS!

LOOK! UP
THERE!

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT
TO HALT THE NAZIS,
CAPTAIN AMERICA CHANCES
A DESPERATE LEAP---

SHOOT!
SHOOT!

(GULP)
CAP!

HERE'S
WHERE I
TAKE OVER,
NAZIS!

HIMMEL!
ENGINE ROOM
QUICK! COME UP ON
DECK! ALL UP YOU!

YOW!

AS THE NAZIS DASH UP FROM THE ENGINE ROOM IN ANSWER TO THE FRANTIC CALL FOR HELP, BUCKY SWEEPS THEM BACK WITH THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER!

YAH--EEE!

UGH!

OH-OH! THE TOP NAZI IS ESCAPING, AND CAN'T CHASE HIM NOW! HAVE TO GET AT THE WHEEL!

WOW! AIN'T THIS A BEAUTIFUL WEAPON? BACK, YOU MUGS!



ACH! DAT CAPTAIN AMERICA ISS DER TEUFEL HIMZELF!

HEY! THERE GOES THAT NAZI LEADER HEADING FOR THE ENGINE ROOM! I THINK I'LL JUST KINDA HELP HIM DOWN!

AND BUCKY TURNS THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER ON THE NAZI LEADER AND WASHES HIM ALONG THE DECK--



AND DOWN INTO THE ENGINE ROOM WITH THE REST OF HIS KILLER HENCHMEN!

BLUB-
BLUB-
GLUB!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE FRANTIC NAZIS VAINLY TRY TO FIGHT THEIR WAY UP PAST THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER THUNDERING AT THEM!

HIMMEL!
DER VATER
ISS RISING TO
DER BOILERS!

HELP!
HELP!



IF HOT WATER REACHES
OUR BOILERS,
IT WILL BE OUR
FINISH!

BACK, YOU DOGS!
I'M GETTING
OUT!

KAMERAD!
HELP!

AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT
CAP SWINGS THE FERRY
AROUND— A TERRIFIC BLAST
OF LIVE STEAM RIPS OUT THE
WALLS AND ROOF OF THE
ENGINE ROOM AS THE WATER
REACHES THE THROBBING
BOILERS!

OOPS! WHAT THE—?
GOOD THING THE
PASSENGERS WERE
HUDDLED UP FRONT!

CAP! CAP!
LOOKOUT!

WOW! THOSE
RATS MUSTA BIN
SCALDED ALIVE
DOWN THERE!

AND
THE NEXT DAY,
BACK IN CAMP—

THIS ANSWERS THE ONE
THING THAT PUZZLED ME!
LISTEN!—"EXAMINATION
OF THE DYNAMITE LADEN
CORPSES DISCLOSED THAT
EACH HELD A MAGNETIC
MECHANISM THAT WOULD
DRAW IT TOWARD ANY
LARGE STEEL BODY!"

SO, THAT'S HOW—

HEY! FELLAS!
DIDJA HEAR ABOUT
SERGEANT DUFFY?

YEP! AN'
THEY FOUND OUT
HE'S DOWN THERE
IN THE HOSPITAL!

YIPPEE! HE'S
ALIVE! HE'S
ALIVE!

COME ON,
BUCKY! WE'RE
GOING TO SEE
HIM!

BETCHA
YER DISAP-
POINTED DAT
I'M ALIVE, BRAT!
WHY DE POSIES?

AW! CLOSE THAT
KISSER AN' RELAX!
THEY SHOULD OF
BEEN LILIES, YA BIG
LUG!

AND THE
FRIENDLY
ENEMIES
TRY
AWFULLY
HARD TO
MASK
THEIR
EMOTIONS

THE END.



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3

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